The Happy Release

By GEORGE MUNSON

His wife's kiss was still on his lips, the happy laughter of his child rang in his ears. He sat at the door of the cottage and looked about him.

Roger Latham was one of the most prosperous settlers in the Western valley. He had gone there a dozen years before, had taken out a claim, had made the wilderness to blossom. Now he was a well-to-do man, and in a few years would be a rich one.

He was married to the sweetest woman in the world. His life was idyllic. He could wish for no better fortune.

Only he was totally ignorant of anything that had happened during those twelve years, except during the last two weeks. He had had to be told even his name, his wife's and child's. And, though he had picked his way cautiously, so that they only thought his strangeness was the result of the buggy accident two weeks before, he found himself confronted with a past, long since forgotten.

In this part his name was Roger Latham, but everything else seemed different. He had left college five years. He was married to a society woman, and unhappily married. Often he had planned to leave her and go West, letting her keep his father's fortune, which he had inherited. He had known that it was his money she had always coveted, not himself. Yet he had tried to live on with her, in the hope that some day they would come together.

He recalled the misery of those years, when life, for all his wealth, seemed hopeless. He had been on the point of throwing up everything and going to Oregon. And after that there was complete blankness.

He had awakened to feel Lucy's lips upon his own, to hear his child calling him. She told him that he had been injured in a buggy accident. The doctor smiled at his lapse of memory and told him that it would come back to him. But the memory that had returned was that of some life of long ago, in which he seemed another man.

During those two weeks of silent misery he studied everything minute-

"I Want to See Mr. Latham,"

ly. He gathered that some similar shock must have robbed him of that first memory. It was a case of alternating memory. For twelve years he had been another man, except for the name only. He found that he adored Lucy, a simple, mountain girl, who trusted him implicitly. He had been perfectly rational when he went out to the valley. Nobody had suspected that the Roger Latham of those days was not the Roger Latham who had always been.

With the sweetness of this new life about him, Latham asked nothing better than to live out the remainder of his years in those surroundings. The misery of the life in the East was fresh and painful. Nevertheless—what of Marian? How had she fared? How had he come to leave her? Where did his duty lie?

"Lucy," he said one day, when he had recovered, "I am going East upon business. I shall be gone a month. Do not be lonely, dear."

"No, Roger," she answered simply. It did not occur to her to question him. And he left her sadly, conscious that he might never set eyes upon her again.

In New York he put up at a small hotel. First he went to the offices of the great corporation of which he had once been manager. He had owned a controlling interest in this, and would have been president, but for his youth. He sent his card in to the manager, and a dapper little secretary came out.

"I want to see Mr. Latham," he said.

The secretary looked blankly at him. "I thought you wished to see the manager," he answered.

"Mr. Latham is not the manager?"

"I never heard of him."

"But he owns a controlling interest in the business."

"You must excuse me," said the secretary, and withdrew.

Nobody knew anything of Latham. At his bank he found that the officials had all died or retired, or transferred their activities. At the house which had been his he found a stranger, who curtly refused him information.

Then he thought of his lawyer, old Harry Flynn, his best friend in his college days, when he had stood between him and an irate father. He hardly expected that the old man would be alive, but the office boy informed him that Mr. Flynn would see him. He had sent in no card. When he entered the old man's office recognition was mutual.

Flynn shook hands with him. "Sit down, Roger," he said. "I always knew that you would turn up some day. But my boy—you should have trusted me."

"I don't understand," said Roger. "What do people think?"

"They think," said Flynn, "that you were killed in the San Jose railroad wreck twelve years ago, that you are buried beneath the mountain torrent."

The words revived Roger's memory. He recalled now the disaster. Three cars had fallen through the broken bridge into the stream. He had been in the smoker, he had crawled, agonizing, through the debris into the undergrowth and fainted. That was all that he knew.

"Listen, Mr. Flynn. I want to tell you my story," he began, and told it. The old man listened incredulously, laid his hands on Roger's shoulders and looked keenly into his eyes.

"I love Lucy," said Roger, "but—where does my duty lie? How about Marian?"

"She is alive. She is provided for," said Flynn.

"My fortune?"

"Much of it was lost after your death. But your wife did not suffer."

"I must see her."

"Roger, take an old man's advice. You are a bigamist, but an involuntary one. You have not sinned in the eyes of God. As I am your lawyer, I say, claim what you can and stay. As a man, I say go—go at once."

"I owe a duty to my wife."

A voice was heard in the outer office—the hard voice of a worldly woman. It was Marian's! Roger caught a glimpse of her through the doorway. The old lawyer motioned imperceptibly to a screen, and Roger darted behind it, just as Marian came though the doorway.

"Well, Mr. Flynn, how about those papers?" she demanded, and the tones of her voice made Roger shiver with unhappy recollections.

"It is all arranged, Mrs. Williams," answered the lawyer.

Roger stared through the flimsy screen; he felt his heart beating madly; he could hardly restrain himself from leaving his hiding place.

"My first husband was a—happy release," said the woman icily. "My second was a bankrupt. When I am free I shall do better for myself."

"Quite so," said Flynn. "The decree will become absolute next month, and then. . . . By the way, Mrs. Williams, what name do you intend to take. That of your first husband?"

"Heaven forbid," she answered, laughing, as she went out. When she had gone Roger stepped from behind the screen.

"I am sorry," said the old man warmly. "Now, Mr. Latham, you must choose. Of course, you can legally claim your fortune, what is left of it, and—and—"

Roger gripped his hand.

"I have chosen," he answered quietly. "Good-by, Mr. Flynn. It was true I am a—er—happy release. And I'm going to catch the next train for home."

WARD A NATURAL HUMORIST

Famous Artemus Had No Need to Force His Mind When He Chose to Be Funny.

One of the village women who knew Artemus Ward, the dry New England humorist of a generation past, is responsible for the following:

"Artemus was always funny, even in his ordinary talk. He bought a house near New York, at Yonkers, and invited his mother to go to visit him. 'Artemus,' she said, 'if I do go some time how shall I know your house?' 'Oh, you'll know it by the cupola and the mortgage that are on it,' he told her."

Another contemporary of Ward tells how on one occasion when he got "strapped" he went up to a man he knew and said, "If it's not too much out of place I wish you'd lend me some money."

The man was willing and handed over what Artemus said he needed and then asked when he'd pay it back. "Well," Artemus answered, "I'll be pretty busy on Resurrection day; let's call it the day after."

"But the greatest joke he ever perpetrated," this same friend continues, "was the will he made over in England. He called in all the nobility to witness it and disposed of his property as if he were a millionaire. Really he didn't have a darn cent!"

Correct Child in Private.

Instead of perpetually nagging at the boys and girls, learn to "put it in writing." If it is very personal, it is often well to put a real wax seal on the envelope, or otherwise secure it from the public, to show that the matter is strictly private, belonging only to your two loving selves, advises a writer in Mother's Magazine. There is no surer way of establishing confidence. No one can doubt that the kind little word of advice or suggestion will have more effect than if couched in a hasty or petulant phrase of faultfinding, with "Do" or "Don't" for a beginning.

Educators' Responsibility.

When we elected to be directors of secondary education rather than teachers of special subjects we accepted as our main task the guidance of youth to life and the development of true ideals of conduct in that life. We must not shirk our responsibility. Much as we may love science or our language, and necessary as study is to their successful presentation, our great problem is to familiarize ourselves with the vocations of today, that we become fit guides not only to financial success but to character success in these fields.—W. H. Eddy, President Schoolmaster's association, New York.

New Idea in Concrete Work.

A concrete pile has recently been invented which possesses important advantages over the kind formerly used. It is driven by boring its own hole with a stream of water ejected with considerable force at its point. Water at a pressure of 250 pounds is forced through the iron pipe forming the core of the pile, cutting a hole as the pile descends. The water dissolves earth and sand and thrusts rocks aside.

THERE'S ALWAYS OPPORTUNITY

THIS YOUNG MAN HAS INVENTED A NEW FORM OF AEROPLANE THAT MAKES FLYING SAFER. WEALTH IN SIGHT FOR HIM AFTER LONG STRUGGLE AGAINST ODDS.

T. CHARLES RUSSELL

PHOTOS BY FRANK FOURNIER

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By JERLE DAVIS.

IF a young fellow has the right stuff in him there is no limit to his soaring—especially if he invents an aeroplane that is as "safe as a rocking chair." And this is the situation which Mr. T. Charles Russell, a Chicago inventor, faces. After five years of hard work and fighting big odds he stands on the threshold of wealth and fame.

Seven or eight years ago, Russell was a freshman in the academic course at Northwestern university, Evanston, Ill. He had an uncanny knack for understanding the why and wherefore of electricity and mechanics, and was able to earn his way through college by doing odd jobs for a light and power concern.

During the four years he put in at literature, languages, mathematics and other subjects contained in a college arts course he was tinkering along on the side with toy aeroplanes of his own devising. Russell was slowly working out the details of a dream—one of the kind of dreams that have made Edison, the Wrights, Hammond, Bell and Marconi scientific conjurers.

After he had received his bachelor of arts degree, this young man—he was born at Midland, S. D., twenty-seven years ago—went into the engineering school and specialized in physics and engineering. Then he began to experiment with his aeroplane for all he was worth. Because it wasn't a part of the regular course, Russell had trouble getting shop space in which to do this work. The school authorities, he says, had mapped out a prescribed course and they considered that a deviation from it would mean confusion in the ranks.

He even went before the trustees and made a plea for special concessions, but without success. Sympathetic members of the faculty came to the rescue, however, and Russell found room in Dearborn observatory to make experiments at night. Dozens of models were made, tried out and broken. The experiments had gone forward with fair steadiness for three years and longer, when the young man felt that he had discovered and worked out satisfactorily the principles of aerodynamics he had sought.

That was three years ago. Then he went gunning for patent rights. It was easy enough to get simple patents, but the inventor wanted basic patents. Simple patents cover processes and methods, while basic patents cover principles. So after another long wait, voluminous correspondence and endless dealing with lawyers, Russell was notified a few weeks ago that the basic patent rights were his.

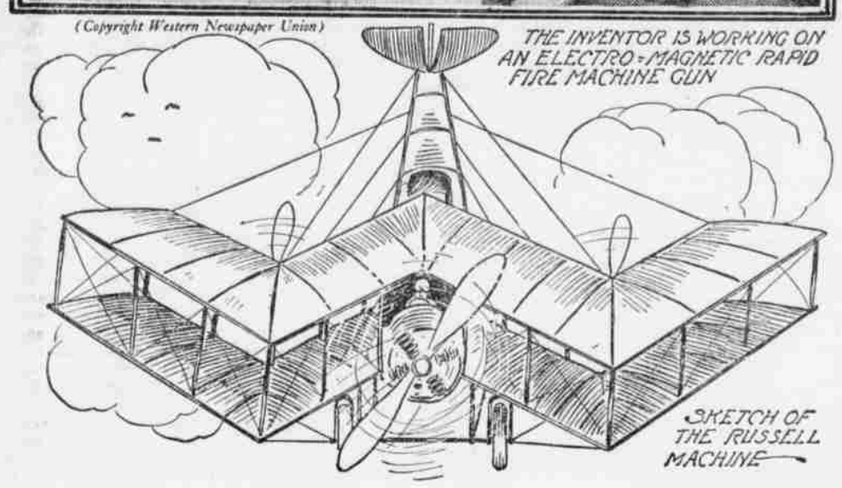
He carried the glad news to a fraternity friend. The friend carried it home to his father. The father went East on a business trip and told some Boston capitalists. And the Boston capitalists sent an aviator expert to Chicago to talk to young Russell and see what he had. What he had was "the goods" evidently, for a short time afterward a company was organized, foreign agents—supposed to be representatives of the Anglo-French-Russian allies—signed contracts, a big factory was leased and the inventor went on to the plant to supervise the manufacture of the machines.

Just before Russell went East the Chicago newspapers printed brief accounts about the patent grants and the company's formation. Very little was said about the inventor. When he was approached for the "inside story" of his labors Mr. Russell wasn't easy to "get at." He was found in a little chicken-coop office which occupies a corner in the machine shop which he calls his own. His sleeves were rolled high and his hands were grimy. The clatter and whang of machinery made conversation difficult, but not so difficult as the young inventor himself made it—for he is a shy and reticent person, who would make a poor self-advertiser. But once he began to talk about his machine he was a whirlwind of impulsive speech, making quick, draftsmanlike sketches to illustrate his points.

His aeroplane differs in shape from all other known makes. It is a biplane. That is, it has two sets of wings, one set several feet above the other. In other machines the planes spread straight across, and with the body and tail form a big capital T. In the Russell machine the wings form a double V, like this: VV. The tail is attached to the place where the letters join and extends to the rear. The narrow points of the letters form the front of the machine, and the pilot, passengers and engine company occupy a sort of canoe which rests where the wings and tail join. The lower wings extend forward of the upper ones—like a man with an undershot jaw. The two propellers twirl on either side of the tail just back of the wings.

Mr. Russell didn't have war in mind when he was working on his invention. His idea centered in commercial possibilities. So long as the aeroplane remained unstable—so long as a driver had to keep his hands on the controls to prevent the machine's capsizing—it would remain a sporting proposition. But when the time came that, by improvements in the aeroplane, the driver need only crank up and guide, simply as he would guide an automobile, the flier would be very useful in business and pleasure.

In the double-V machine the young inventor believes he has discovered the great secret of inherent stability. Placed in the positions described, the wings present a broad surface to air currents on all sides. "The dangerous air pockets are no longer death gaps in the atmosphere," Russell declares.



THE INVENTOR IS WORKING ON AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RAPID FIRE MACHINE GUN

SKETCH OF THE RUSSELL MACHINE

All present types of fliers—that is, all the new ones both in this country and abroad—use a gyroscope control. This is a sort of governor, like the governor on a stationary steam or gas engine, that automatically warps the aeroplane wings to meet constantly varying air surfaces when the machine is in flight. These devices are just emerging from the experimental stage.

With the gyroscopic stabilizer doing the work, what is the advantage of the Russell machine? Let Russell tell:

"The stabilizing devices are all artificial controllers. If the stabilizer gets out of fix when the machine is 3,000 feet above ground it means danger and possible death for the passengers. The safe machine is one that needs no such controller. It is a machine whose very shape is an automatic controller—a real automatic controller that cannot be tinkered with if the machine is to leave the ground at all."

This new aeroplane can be made in any size. It is understood that the fliers being constructed in Boston will have a wing spread of a hundred feet or more and will carry two independent engines, each developing 150 horse power. Machines of this size and power are capable of carrying half a dozen passengers, one or two rapid-fire guns, fifty to a hundred large explosive bombs, fuel for a 500-mile flight and scientific instruments for navigation. They can travel rapidly, too—fifty to ninety miles an hour.

It is easy to imagine the value of such machines in peace as well as in war. Already the government is experimenting with aeroplane mail routes, and Postmaster General Burleson has recommended the establishment of regular aero-mail service. The possibilities are without limit, it seems. And for war—well, we know a little of what they are doing with aeroplanes in Europe. All the chief belligerents are building huge planes, triple-winged and engined, that in a pinch can fly close to a thousand miles and carry half a dozen men with small cannon, ammunition and deadly bombs of large size. In a report which he has submitted to President Wilson, and which will be made public soon, Secretary of the Navy Daniels tells of some remarkable developments in aeroplane construction by American designers and inventors. He mentions specifically "an aeroplane that practically sails itself. About all the aviator has to do is to crank up and sit at the steering wheel."

Mr. Russell's explanation of the principle involved in his aeroplane is Greek to the layman.

"The problem is to maintain the center of upward pressure to coincide with the center of area at all times, no matter whether the machine is in direct forward flight or is falling. This problem I have solved, if the success of all my experiments proves anything."

There's a young inventor either at work or dreaming over work to be done wherever you go in this broad land of ours. In the towns and cities you see amateur wireless receiving stations strung from barn gables to attic windows. In the country the youngsters are tinkering over the tool benches—working away at some idea that may revolutionize an industry.

The history of young Mr. Russell should be an inspiration to every youth born without a silver spoon in his mouth. This inventor saw the light of day first in a South Dakota village. He spent some of his childhood at Evanston, another small town. He received his common school and high school education at Paw Paw, Mich., which is no metropolis. He has had to paddle his own financial canoe and "help the folks" besides. He has been denied opportunity and has forced his own pathway.

Does he expect riches to come immediately? This is his point of view:

"I expect to get royalties later. My invention has to prove its worth first. If wealth comes, it will be the reward for toil and discouragement. I certaintly don't expect to sit around and wait for money to be dropped into my hat.

"Let me pay a tribute to two men who have stood by me and helped to make this aeroplane invention possible. One is Prof. Philip Fox of Dearborn observatory. The other is Prof. Henry Crew of the physics department at Northwestern. Mr. Fox helped me with my experiments as much as one man could help another. As for Mr. Crew—the training I got under him in learning to analyze things is priceless.

"This analytic training has taught me to sit down with a vagrant idea and pursue it to first principles—to get to the heart of every proposition."

Mr. Russell's first money-making invention was an electric blanket. This device looks like an ordinary bed comforter. Its stuffing, however, is interwoven with fine wires incased in asbestos. Connected with an ordinary light socket the blanket develops considerable heat—enough, say, to keep an outdoor sleeper comfortable when the mercury is huddled at the bottom of the tube. Other inventions are an aero-fan, said to be an improvement on ordinary cool-breeze makers; an electric heating pad, similar in principle of construction to the blanket, and a thermostat for controlling electric heat.

What promises to be another important invention, however, is an electro-magnetic rapid-fire gun. Mr. Russell has been working at odd times on this idea for several months. The principle is the expulsion of missiles from a gun without the use of explosive material, he says, and experiments with workshop models have been highly gratifying.

"It may be years, though, before I perfect it," the young man smiles. "I have the idea fixed in mind and it is a matter of developing the idea. Someone else may produce a successful gun of this type before I do. I have a gun that will shoot all right, but it isn't ready for the war market by a long shot."

And just to show you that a rising young inventor is an ordinary human being like the rest of us, here's one on Mr. Russell: He didn't want the photographer to take his picture as he stood with his sleeves rolled up before a work bench because he thought that the dense growth of black hair on his arms would show when the picture appeared in the paper. Furthermore, he was very careful to fix the knot of his four-in-hand tie "just so" before he said, "All ready!"

VULGAR DISPLAY OF WEALTH.

"My face is my fortune," said the conscious beauty.

"Well, it isn't necessary for you to be constantly flashing your roll," remarked the male cynic.—Judge.

TECHNICALITIES OF THE INDICTMENT.

The average man will never realize what an extremely technical paper the indictment is, and how the rules in it must be observed against all common sense. It is one of these rules that the venue—the place where the crime is said to have been committed—must be stated in the indictment and must be proven at the trial. In Campbell county, Virginia, a prisoner named Anderson was put on trial for murder. The evidence showed that the murder took place at Anderson's store, about one-quarter of a mile from Lynches Station. The indictment did not say the murder was committed at Lynches Station and that Lynches Station was in Campbell county. It was so well known to everybody that Lynches Station was in Campbell county that it never occurred to anyone formally to introduce evidence in proof of that fact. Nevertheless this was a violation of the rules, and the supreme court reversed the verdict, holding that it would not take judicial notice that Lynches Station was in Campbell county, and sent the case back for a new trial.—Melville Davisson Post in the Saturday Evening Post.

MANLIKE TEETH OF ANCIENT APE.

Prof. A. G. Thacher, an eminent British geologist, in an article in Science Progress, mentions the recent discovery of the jaw of an ape which has teeth more closely resembling human teeth than do those of the chimpanzee and orang-utan, man's nearest relatives in the animal world.

In these animals, and in all of the living species of the ape, the cuspids are much larger and longer than in man. But in this ancient ape, which lived, according to geologists, hundreds of thousands of years ago, the cuspids were small, like those of man. This is regarded as an indication that the development of the cuspid teeth of apes resulted from the necessity for their use in tearing off husks of nuts and for like purposes.

HOME TOWN HELPS

FOR CHILD-WELFARE EXHIBIT

Work Issued by the Federal Department of Labor Is of Value to Every Community.

"Child-Welfare Exhibits" is the title of a bulletin issued by the children's bureau of the federal department of labor. This has been prepared in reply to the many inquiries received by the bureau about exhibits, and single copies may be had for the asking. The bulletin will give those who expect to observe the nation-wide Baby week next March, or those who are planning a baby show, a children's health conference, or any kind of children's exhibit the benefit of expert advice and practical experience in successful exhibit work.

The bulletin is full of suggestions for communities of all sizes. It describes effective small exhibits of one or another phase of child problems. It defines a "child-welfare exhibit" in the title of which the name of the city or state appears as a "well-rounded presentation of the whole question of the welfare of the community's children," and sounds a warning against undertaking such a general exhibit without the co-operation of all the social agencies of the community.

The results of child-welfare exhibits are emphasized. "A new factory inspector in Kansas City, a housing inspector in Louisville, a $25,000 school building in a congested district of Northampton, increased sewer connections in Easthampton where the ice supply of the town was menaced, are types of results which have been secured in practically every community that has devoted sufficient time and thought to the planning of a child-welfare exhibit. In cities where no organized combination of social agencies exists to interpret and carry out the legislative program suggested by an exhibit, the exhibit organization itself is often a first step to such a combination."

The bulletin includes a complete list of all child-welfare exhibits owned by state departments, January 1, 1915, and a copy of the record blank used by the Children's Health Conference of the Children's bureau.

PLANTING TREES AND SHRUBS

Haphazard Method Will Never Get the Results That Are to Be Desired.

Avoid haphazard planting of trees and shrubs. Many planters make the mistake of thinking that the chief thing is to get certain trees or shrubs on to the lawn. This is a great mistake, even at the first, and the mistake grows more apparent as the years go by and the different things become of various sizes till there is a veritable chaos in the arrangement, with little and big things intermingled.

The house should have an absolutely clear lawn in front of it except in cases where native trees have been left in the clearing away of the arboreal growths. The fact that such trees are already in existence when the house was built is often a reason for keeping them. But when the builder has a clear field in the first no tree should be allowed to stand in front of the house. The desire should be to produce a picture, with the trees and shrubs arranged along the sides of the lawn, with the tallest growing trees and shrubs farthest back. Such an arrangement greatly increases the appearance of spaciousness, for the eye naturally uses the things nearest as a measure of distances. This is of importance when the area that can be devoted to ornamentation is rather limited.

Teaching the Young.

Scientific Parent (on a stroll)—You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with the cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son. (To the coster) My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?

Coster—Cause I ain't a hoss, you old thickhead.—London Titbits.

Trees Along Roadways.

The habit of planting fruit and nut trees by the roadside has long prevailed in parts of Europe. It should be cultivated in the United States. Hickory and walnut trees are as healthful as elms, and a great deal more useful. Salem's streets have been planted with hundreds of walnut trees. Those set out along McMinnville's pavements years ago will produce a ton and a half of nuts this season.—Portland Oregonian.

Investment in Cleanliness.

One gathers from the bulletin of the Chicago health department that "it pays to have clean, attractive surroundings;" that "it pays in dollars and cents; for the reason that a tidy and well kept property will sell for more money than will the property that is dirty, untidy and neglected;" that "it pays in comfort and satisfaction, in pride, joy and self-respect."

Mother and Daughter.

The old-fashioned woman who used to fill eight lamps and clean eight globes every afternoon now has a daughter who is too tired to walk across a room and push a button when it gets too dark to read.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Figures Concerning Male Heart.

The male heart weighs from ten to twelve ounces. Its average size is about five inches long three and a half inches wide and two inches in greatest depth.